



He who, having known our community in the roaring logging times, now concludes that it is dead; is like the green-horn easterner who might consider the felling of one of our redwoods to be its death stroke. The forces of life that gave the community being and produced its greatest development have suffered, it is true, the shock of the loss of its main industry; but the sources of its life are ever living and the stumps of the past cannot but be clothed anew in a second growth development as virile as the first.

Someone has pertinently sensed the everlasting values nature gives in the seashores, in lines something like this: "The good Lord made all the shore, and He isn't likely to make any more." With rapid devastation of our forests how pertinent to our wonderful values of mountain, stream and forest, is some such thought referring to them. How little we who live among them, realize what a demand the future holds for these values.

In its forward looking Improvement Club, Ben Lomond has long been sensing and fostering the community development that must inevitably take the place of the old times. The scars of the old industries are deeper, more obtrusive in Boulder Creek, and its second growth development less apparent, less organized. Individual groups have been quietly at work and all have many times voiced the need of organization, of some means of effectually getting together for needed community development. But each group, fearing to inject any partisan spirit into such an organization, hesitated to take the initiative.

Now however the step has been taken and Boulder Creek has an organized Improvement Club. The thing is done and now "get together" is the word. It is for us all to realize that our common interests far and away outweigh our differences. We all need and want about the same things, however much we may differ as to the means of getting at them. And if we will all center our thoughts and efforts on the things we want in common, well we know an appreciating understanding of one another will grow up, hiding the blackened stumps of past differences, enhancing by an harmonious human growth, the rugged beauty of our most delightful mountain nest.

COMMUNITY

Vol. 1.

BOULDER CREEK, CALIFORNIA, JUNE 18, 1921.

No. 10

TIMBER

MILLING over the past we ran across an almost forgotten childhood memory—a composite of fragrant hay-mow, hidden hen's nests, cows, foaming milk buckets, frisking calves and munching horses—sights, sounds and odors, that a certain old barn stands for. The barn was built before the civil war. The pioneer rancher, having crossed the plains with an ox team and settled upon a quarter section, faced an urgent primary need for building material. This need he and his neighbors met by traveling the fifty or more miles to the nearest red-woods, splitting out the necessary material—posts, timbers, boards, shakes—and laboriously hauling it home. Built entirely of split-stuff, this barn is a type of thousands of buildings scattered through the valley counties of California in early days. The posts of miles of fences, many still standing, were obtained in the same way. In all the intervening years what an acceleration of the dissemination of the products of our forests has taken place?

Musing on this dissemination as a measure of appreciation of the utility value of these products, we dreamt of a peculiar catastrophe, which within one given instant, blotted from existence those products our community had supplied. News reports of consequent strange and sudden roof-lessness and wall-lessness of houses, post-lessness of fences, telephone and telegraph lines, tie-lessness of railroads, etc., from all quarters of the country, vividly pictured to the mind a far flung varied usefulness, of which any community might be proud.

Facing about, let us in imagination, take an equally long look ahead into the future. We have stood from the first and to a great extent still stand, industrially and commercially speaking, on red-wood timber. This, however, cannot much longer be so. The harvest of nature's virgin growth is nearly reaped, and like other lumbering or mining districts, our community must find itself along other lines. This process has long been going on quietly among us, but it is well for us as a community to sense the situation in the large—to know definitely beforehand and be prepared for what is to take the place of our lumber industry. The permanent "come-back" of many a district has rendered it more generally valuable and more humanly useful than it was in the early boom times. The yearly value of fruit lands that have been developed in "logged-off" Michigan is far greater than the yearly value of the timber they displaced.

The thermal belt of our mountain country contains much fruit, vine and berry land. Our mountain apples are much sought after. Year after year for many years, some of our growers have supplied the same customers widely scattered throughout the State. Undoubtedly the future will see more and more development of these permanent resources—fruit, grapes, berries, honey, and perhaps dairying and poultry raising. But, important as these are

in small and diversified way, to fix the mind upon them is to lose sight of the big thing which seems to us must inevitably take the place of our timber industry and mould and influence all minor industries.

Though we know the thing by name, we are so close to it all, it requires some detachment of mind properly to sense the bigness and fully appreciate the greatness of what lies before us. In order to this detachment, other memories come to mind—memories of a first camping trip into the redwoods and the first sight of those great age-old silent monarchs of the woods. The clean straightness of the trunk, the grace of form, delicate tracery of foliage, the rich beauty of greens and browns, and the fragrance—the redolent unforgettable fragrance that brings back so vividly every detail of the memory picture; how these things become a living part of one and call from out the desert places and the crowded places, him who has once experienced them.

Other memories assail the mind. Rumble upon the elevated railroads of our big bustling cities; through the back alleys of miles upon miles of tenement houses. View as it were, thru the back door, the childhood background of thousands of our citizens—the sordid squalor of it all, the filth, the foul smelling pall that nightly settles down from the stockyards and sewage canal. To what do such ingrained memories call one?

Is it to wonder that we have vice and crime? The wonder should be that we have not more.

Little we know yet of the mysterious growth of mind and character; how the hidden roots draw from the soil of human environment the material with which to build. Following the work of Freud and other psychologists more and more is being learned of the influence and importance of the subconscious mind, weaving all experience into a composite whole. If this be a true foreshadowing of the trend of human development, such resources as we have in perpetual abundance must grow more and more in importance and value for the rehabilitation of the minds and spirits of mankind.

Situated as we are, the center of the redwoods, near to growing cities, we cannot but become a vast recreation center; supplying the immaterial timber for the building of body, mind and spirit. Every one who visits the State remembers the redwoods. Other communities have monuments that attract visitors. How decadent and dumb are they compared with one of these monuments of nature lifting up a living column from out of the very dawn of our era. The good book likens the ideal man to a tree planted by the stream of water. How fitting a symbol of the type of men the world needs now is one of our Semper Virens. Though it provides no food for body, who shall say it does not bring forth its fruit in its season? A stalwart time and fire surviving permanence of purpose, a rich and graceful beauty of life, an ever-living hope and aspiration to man and to the community.

COMMUNITY

Published every week by the
BOULDER CREEK UNION

HIGH SCHOOL

Boulder Creek, Calif.

Geo. L. Gordon, Principal.

A. H. Townsend, Editor

Subscription \$2.00 a year

Advertising Rates

25c an inch single insertion

15c an inch time insertion

Reading notices 5c a line each insertion.

RHODES NEVER WOMAN HATER

But Celebrated "Empire Builder" Had
Little Time to Devote to the
Gentler Sex.

Cecil Rhodes had the reputation of being a woman hater, but he was by no means a misogynist, though he might have been regarded a misogynist. He was wedded, it was said, by his friends, to Africa. But his life would have been more complete and no less full of achievement if he had been married to the right woman—at least so says my wife and other women who knew him.

While I have said Rhodes was not a woman hater, he was averse to wasting his time on women of mediocre intellect. Rhodes excused himself for not marrying by saying that he had not the time to give a wife the attention she was entitled to receive.

In his magnificent house at Cape Town there was only one picture. It was a painting of a young woman, beautiful and modest of aspect, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and hung in the dining room above the fireplace. He loved to look at it and frequently told how he had gained possession of it. As a boy he took a great fancy to this picture, which belonged to a relative, and his love for it increased as he grew to manhood. Eventually he bought it. He always wound up the story by saying: "Now I have my lady, and I am happy."—John Hays Hammond in Scribner's Magazine.

PAY HONOR TO GOD OF FIRE

Japanese Religious Observances That
Take Place in Coldest Season
of the Year.

A Japanese religious observance peculiar to the coldest season of the year is that of bathing in cold water and wearing to and from the bath a single kimono of pure white, with a white band about the head. The ceremony, says the Japan Advertiser in a recent issue, is out of respect to Fudo-san, the god of fire, primarily. Those observing the custom carry a lantern and jingle a small bell as they go along the street. The season continues for thirty days.

The first fifteen days of the season is called the daiken, or great cold, and the second fifteen days the shokon, or small cold. Most of those who go through the ceremony are young men, apprentices in some trade, who run to and from the bath, repeating the words, "Rokkon Shojo," as they go. The principal temple and bath is the one in Fukawaga-ku. The cold water bath there was recently rebuilt at a cost of 300,000 yen in anticipation of the cold season. It is open for women only until 6 o'clock in the evening, but at all hours in the day for men. Among the women are many young actresses, who pray earnestly for success in their profession. Another Fudo shrine is near Meguro station.

PUBLIC LIBRARY NOTES

Our public library deserves special mention. The hours when the library is open to the public have been arranged by the librarian, Mrs. R. L. Christensen, as follows:

LIBRARY HOURS

Afternoons	Evenings
Monday	Monday 6:30
Tuesday 1:30	Wednesday to
Thursday to	Friday 8:30
Saturday 4:30	

The following list of magazines and current papers are worthy of note:

Children's table
University of Calif. Bulletin
Something to Do
St. Nicholas
American Boy
Christian Science Sentinel
On magazine table

American.
World's Work.
Good Housekeeping.
Woman's Home Companion.
The Literary Digest.
The Delineator.
Home Journal.
A Key to Families of Marine Fishes.
United States Navy.
Harper's Magazines
Christian Science Sentinel.
Christian Science Journal.
American Forestry

Files.

Woman's Home Journal.
Woman's Home Companion.
Delineator.
Good Housekeeping.
St. Nicholas.
The American Magazine.
The World's Work.
Popular Mechanics.
American Boy.

Daily Newspaper.

San Francisco Chronicle.

PERSONALS

Former Assemblyman D. W. Miller of Linden, San Joaquin County, Mrs. Miller and Margaret and David Miller motored up from Mt. Hermon Tuesday and were the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Withrow. Mr. Miller has the honor of having voted to ratify the 18th Amendment to the National Constitution while a member of the State Legislature.

The following have registered at the Wildwood Home this week: Wm. Eddy, Sacramento, F. M. Tempee, San Jose, J. Norden, San Francisco, Tom J. Cullen, San Francisco, Mrs. E. B. Caesar and daughter Alice.

Recent visitors at Boulder Creek are, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stewart, Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Vancaper, Haywards, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Madsen, Haywards, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Aldridge, Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. H. Lucas, Menlo Park, Mr. and Mrs. M. Martin, Sacramento, Mr. Dion R. Holtz, San Francisco, Mrs. B. Ulrich, San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Meerdock, San Francisco and Margaret Meerdock, Mr. Dinald Black. Space would fail to print all of the visitors to Boulder Creek for each week end sees hundreds of automobiles and campers.

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BOULDER CREEK, CALIF.

OCCUPATION ARMY AID



General Weygand, aid to Marshal Foch during the great war, will aid Marshal Foch in directing the allied occupation of German cities.

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SMOKED MEATS

PICKLED DELICACIES

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Store Next to P. O.

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BOULDER CREEK, CALIF.

NEVER CHANGE.

Some men are like phonographs — every day they roll off exactly the same records.—Boston Transcript.

ON THE LEVEL

Florida is the flattest state in the Union. Its highest spot is 325 feet above sea level.

REDUCED TO MINIMUM

English paper: "I found Mr. Cartwright considerably aged. His one black hair is very gray."

DANCE

JULY 2nd and 4th, 1921.

MIDDLETON HALL

MUSIC BY JAZZ COTIES

MANAGEMENT OF

MRS. MABEL RAYMOND.

H. W. WEST

Notary Public

Insurance

Civics Class in Santa Cruz

(Continued from last week's issue)

The first place we went was to the Egg Laying Contest. There are one hundred pens of hens there with twelve hens in each pen. A record is kept of the number of eggs each hen lays. The pen in which most eggs are laid in a year is considered the best pen. The hens are fed food which produce more eggs.

We then rode around the chicken ranches. Next we went to Laveaga Park. The first thing we visited there was the bird pen. There are a great many doves, a few quail and pheasants, and one very beautiful peacock. A visit was also paid to the monkeys and bears.

From the Park we went to the Municipal wharf. we arrived there just in time to see them unload a boat of fish.

We went downtown again and Mr. Main treated all of us to ice cream cones. Afterward we went out to the Cliff Drive. It is a wonderful drive at the edge of the cliffs which overlook the sea.

We came back into town and went to the County Hospital. Mrs. Crews, the Superintendents wife, took the girls to the operating room and the different wards.

Mr. Larkin, manager of the New Santa Cruz Theatre, had invited us to stay to the show so we hurried back to town, got our supper and went to the show at quarter to seven.

We arrived home at half past ten tired but happy after our trip.

(THE END.)

NON-SENSATIONAL.

One secret that is not common gossip is the secret of success.

THAT IS, SOME MEN.

Before marriage a man has been known to declare himself unworthy of his sweetheart's love, and after marriage to spend about two-thirds of his time proving it. —Chicago News.

UGO'S VILLA

Ugo Giomi

Regular Italian
and
French Dinners

BOULDER CREEK, CALIF.

Parent Teachers Meet

The P.T.A. met June 7th at the public library. The report of the nominating committee was further considered and accepted. The following officers for next year have been chosen: Mrs. Mildred Cress, president, Mrs. Horstman, Vice President, Miss Ruey Dexter, Treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Newman, Secretary. The new president in speaking of next year said that the meetings of 1921-1922, might be held in the evening, thus making it possible for a larger number, especially the fathers and mothers, to attend.

Mrs. Cress recently attended the P. T. A. Federation held in Santa Cruz, June 6th and also, the Annual Congress of Mothers and the P. T. A. held in Oakland May 24th-27th.

Mrs. Cress gave an interested report at our local P. T. A. of these out of town meetings.

Other business considered was the purchase of an organ for the grammar school, boxes of candy for the graduates of the 8th grade and other good things for the pupils of both schools.

The P. T. A. is certainly a Fairy God-mother to the schools of Boulder Creek and the pupils certainly appreciate the forethought of the organization.

The members present presented both the new President, Mrs. Cress, and the retiring president, Mrs. A. Livermore, with a beautiful bouquet.

A vote of appreciation was given Mrs. Livermore for her enthusiasm in and successful management of the P. T. A. for the past two years. Many of the things now enjoyed by both schools are the result of the energy which Mrs. Livermore has thrown into her work as president of the P. T. A.

Next year's work we know will be of as great value.

This was the closing meeting of the P. T. A. for this year.

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BOULDER CREEK, CALIF.

Lodges and Organizations

- I. Boulder Creek Lodge, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, holds its regular meeting every Thursday at 8:00 p. m., in Odd Fellows' Hall, corner Central avenue and Forest street. Sojourning brethren and all members are cordially invited to attend.
- F. Noble Grand, W. F. Horstman Rec. Sec'y., J. H. Aram.

Idlewild Rebecca Lodge 251, I.O.O. F., meets every second and fourth Monday evening of the month.

Court Wildwood No. 633 I.O.F. (Independent Order Foresters) meets the last Saturday of each month.

CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Michael's (Catholic) Church, Boulder Creek—Mass every 2nd and 4th Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M.

* * *

The Christian Science Society, Boulder Creek. Regular services every Sunday at 11 a. m. at Forester's Hall. All are cordially invited to attend.

* * *

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BEN LOMOND.

Preaching Services, 11:00 a. m.
Song service 7:45 p. m.
Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.
Ladies' Aid, Wednesdays, 2 to 5
Rev. Edw. Walker, Minister.

* * *

Methodist Church, Boulder Creek, Rev. C. F. Withrow, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Everyone is cordially invited to attend all services.

Young People's Bible Class (interdenominational) Sunday, 6:30 p. m. at M. E. Church. All welcome.

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BOOST FOR BOULDER CREEK

At a meeting of the citizens of Boulder Creek on June 14 at the New Alpine Hotel called to order by A. W. J. Gibbs, the Boulder Creek Improvement Club was organized for the purpose of looking after the welfare of the community and for beautifying and boosting the town. Rev. Withrow was elected chairman and Frances Hess secretary.

As the sewage question is very urgent steps were taken to see what can be done immediately. Plans for beautifying the town were briefly discussed. It was decided that the club meet regularly on Monday evenings at 7:30 at the New Alpine Hotel for the present.

This organization is one that can fill a real need and accomplish much for the community if every one will take an interest and all work together.

The meeting next Monday, June 20, is to be an important one. Everybody come with constructive plans and work for the improvement and welfare of Boulder Creek.

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EFFICIENCY'S REWARD

Efficiency, like virtue, has to be its own reward and when a man does a big job well everybody says anybody could have done it. —Ohio State Journal.

Good News.

BEN LOMOND,

BROOKDALE,

and

BOULDER CREEK.

Our Bakery is now open.

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We are a company incorporated to help liven up the county. We have stock for sale. Ask at any of our stores.

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28

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Fruit Stand

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WEST BLDG.

BEN LOMOND NEWS

Miss. Marie Bjolstad of San Francisco is the house guest of Mrs. R. T. Ling at Sunnyside for two weeks.

Mrs. B. Dickinson and daughter Wilena, who by the way drove the machine, made an auto trip to San Francisco this week where they spent several days in the interests of Hotel Dickinson.

Mrs. C. Bonestell who is ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. A. Bradshaw, is convalescing.

Miss Kathleen Moore of Berkeley has been visiting many friends in Ben Lomond this week. She was a guest of Miss Grace Dowd.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Crasky and infant son, Miss Luella Hayes and Charles Hayes were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hayes.

Continued next week.

H. S. WEINER BAKE

By Virginia Hill, 22.

Seems as tho everything ought to have a happy climax, doesn't it? Even school. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon must have thot so too, when they decided on Friday night as the night for a school weiner bake. It began between 7.30 and 8 P. M. and ended between 11.30 and 12. P. M. Beside the H. S. pupils and teachers, the graduates and respective teachers of Ben Lomond and Boulder Creek Grammer Schools, were invited. Also alumni of B. C. U. H. S. A great deal of the time was spent in dancing with phonograph and piano music. The large bonfire was by that time well under way and people were constantly going to and

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COMMUNITY WANTS

For Sale— 8-room house, all modern improvements, lot 175 feet front, 100 feet deep, 3-room cottage, garage, garden, shade trees, etc. Address, Box A-1, care Community, Boulder Creek.

For Sale— Two work horses, one a good tie-gulcher. Address W. O. Porter, Boulder Creek.

CHICKEN Ranch For Sale: Will accommodate 1200 to 1500 birds. For particulars, address Box T-2, Care of Community, Boulder Creek, Calif.

REDWOOD SHINGLES for sale.
Euqure of S. Ralston & Son,
Boulder Creek, California.

fro. Mr. Gordon interrupted the dancing by announcing the Wieners were ready. At the fire people were crowding and laughing around the fire; everything was being baked but the Wieners. People were standing in groups, talking and eating Wieners, mustard and buns and drinking coffee. Back in the school building the girls were dancing and trying to make the boys do likewise.

A person may be too "dead" to lend excitement, but but a mouse never is. When one was brought upstairs it cased a general stampede.

Dancing and fun continued till about 12 o'clock.

The Ben Lomonders: Eva McCabe, Keith Burgess, Harvey Hammond, LaVica Hayes, Martha Whitener, Carol and Richard Fortreaty continued the fun until nearer two by walking home.

When each left that night-morning it was with sincere appreciation to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon for giving them a genuine good time.

SHOOT WATER HIGH IN AIR

Iceland Geysers Beautiful, but Unsafe Places in Which to Linger for Long Periods.

The hot-water fountains of Iceland are on mounds averaging seven feet in height, the top of each of which forms the edge of a sort of basin. From these basins the steam of boiling water can be seen rising and the overflow of water is continuous. The contents of these basins is as clear as crystal and one can see to a great depth, while just below the surface are many wonderfully beautiful white incrustations to obtain samples of which many a visitor to Iceland has burned his fingers. The petrifications caused by the boiling water streams from the geysers include birch and willow leaves, grass and rushes seemingly converted into marble.

At no time is it entirely safe to loiter in the vicinity of one of these bottomless basins, for the geyser has a way of spouting and gives no advance warning. Sometimes there will be a shoot of boiling water to a height of 15 feet, followed by a succession of jets. The highest shoot of which there is any record was 90 feet.

Occasionally a basin will for some unexplained reason become empty or will give forth a "steam shoot," which, in the form of a column of spray and vapor at least 60 feet in height, presents a really magnificent spectacle.

Wealth in Beads.

Probably the choicest and most valuable beads in the world are those possessed by the natives of Borneo. In many cases they are very old, and have been kept for centuries in one family.

Some are thought to be of Venetian origin, while others resemble a Roman variety.

It is difficult to induce the natives to sell their beads, which they guard as heirlooms. A rich chief may possess old beads to the value of thousands of pounds.

When children are small they are carried on the backs of their mothers in a kind of cradle, which is often elaborately adorned with beads. One chief possesses a cradle valued at £200.

Two Cold Inaugurations.

Two presidential inaugurations especially marked by cold weather were those of Taft and Grant (his second).

Thousands of people became sick from exposure during Grant's second inauguration, and many died. It is said the coughing of people who had colds was so great that the orchestra at the inaugural ball could hardly be heard.

The Taft inaugural blizzard began in Washington the afternoon of March 3, 1909. It continued all night, and the snow in the capital the next day was so deep that it seemed impossible to have a parade. But the parade was held, and on a street swept clean, thanks to the Washington street department, which removed thousands of wagon loads of snow and slush from Pennsylvania avenue. Many people became sick from standing in the snow or sitting in the cold stands to watch the parade. There was much suffering caused by exposure. President Taft's reviewing section was inclosed in glass and heated by electricity.

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